

FEATURES

An orator is always ready to lay
down your life for his country.

DATELINE

by Rolf J. Schultz

AN EXAMINATION OF NUCLEAR SURVIVAL

With the Russians continuing their atmospheric atomic tests and a consequent increase in radioactivity, not dangerous as yet to the Northern Hemisphere, but ever more ominous, the interest of the people of Canada and the United States in the construction of bomb shelters keeps jumping like a Geiger counter.

Khrushchev's war of nerves has without doubt an effect on our citizenry. Across the nation looms the threat of nuclear war, and of the vast majority that remains resolved to face communist pressure without yielding an inch, many are preparing, in their own individual ways, to meet Khrushchev's worst.

Much of this preparation is a matter of just plain "digging in". Our economy is once more thrifting with fly-by-night operators, this time peddling shelter-building schemes and would-be sellers of expensive or useless gadgets under the label of civil defense. The Bendix Corp. of Cincinnati has reported a 1000 per cent increase in orders for its Family Radiation Kits and Fall Out Detection devices, and in many parts of the U.S. and Canada the real estate business is booming with sales of rural property by urbanites to serve as a retreat from target cities.

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I question the validity of the activities and movement exercised by such people. What would be gained in having a shelter in a rural area when a nuclear attack can be discovered only minutes ahead of time? How could a frantic crowd, seeking rapid exit from a metropolitan area, be possibly controlled under such circumstances?

And then, take also into consideration the fact that merely having reached the area outside of the direct blast range in no way guarantees your safety. You must yet reach your shelter wherever that may be. If you are in an area which is threatened by fall-out only, the fact that you are below or above ground can make the difference between life and death. Consider also, before building your bomb shelter, what insurance you could possibly have of a nuclear device intercepting its target where desired by the enemy. Could not such a nuclear warhead perhaps fall short 20, 50, or even 100 miles of its intended target? Would you therefore not be better off remaining in the city?

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Now let us consider the alternative. Let us think about building your bomb shelter on your own urban residence. Let us equip it with all the modern devices; radios, TV, refrigerators, electric lights, record players, etc. Then let us ask ourselves of what use these things would be to us without electricity.

If you were within the direct blast area, a shelter would be of no value to you. Shelters, either individual or mass are of very limited value because of the fire storm effect. "Everything in a 25 mile radius of the blast would be cut off from oxygen. Anything underneath the firestorm is usually killed," commented Irving Michelson, a member of the Scientists Committee on Radiation Information.

And another member of the same committee, Dr. Tom Stonier, emphasized the plight of the cities in the event of a nuclear attack, using New York as an example. He estimated that, from a 20 megaton airblast, 5 times less than the super-bomb proposed by Mr. K., at least 10 fires per acre would be started simultaneously in a radius of 18 miles from the hypocenter, which would mean, if a bomb exploded over Manhattan, one million fires burning at once.

Remember that of 60,000 people killed in the fire raids on Hamburg in 1943, 70 per cent of those not killed by direct blast effects died of carbon-monoxide poisoning (because the intense fires consumed the oxygen), the other 30 per cent from the temperatures up to 1400 deg. Fahrenheit. And if today multi-megaton warheads were to shower upon the same area, your life, without a doubt, would be among those who were present 18 years ago.

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Finally, let us focus our attention upon another thought. Let us assume that you did survive. Leaving your shelter several weeks following a nuclear attack, your eyes once again becoming accustomed to the light, span a vast, barren land; burned, flattened, unfertile and dry. In the distance a Red Cross truck is approaching, bringing you the necessary tools for survival. And then your cycle of life starts all over again; you work in order to live, you live in order to die. It's quite true that you escaped your first death, but only to await a second.

With your permission, stop the world and let me die the first time around.

A Story of Berth Control

Once upon a time on the planet Earth there was a kind of organization known as the Roamin Church. One of its main purposes was to Roam all over the world and collect souls and arrange for these souls to have Berth in heaven. (Heaven was a place high up in the sky, even past Lunik, where all the First Class Berths were, and it was supposed to be a really terrific place, and everyone who ever had a berth there must have liked it a lot because they never came back though some said they came back as dogs or eels or things like that).

But if souls were bad, well then they went to a place called Hell. (Probably things weren't too well in Hell, because none of the people who ever went there had the strength to come back, but though no one knew what went on in Hell that was so awful, they still figured it was really bad because they had once read it in a book.)

Anyhow, the Roamin Church thought that the more souls it got the better, and therefore it approved of people having as many children as possible because this meant that it would have more Souls. It always was very proud when there was a big increase in the number of its Souls and everything was going along fine until one day someone said:

"Hey fellows, I think that there are too many Souls on the earth, they increase by about 100,00 a day, and gosh I don't think we have enough food to feed them. Don't you think that we might try to work something out so that there wouldn't be so many people dying around the place from starvation and all that?"

He and some friends discussed it and brought it up at a place called the United Patience, but there some countries didn't like the idea because this would mean that there would be less souls.

I suppose you're thinking that was the purpose of the whole business, to have fewer Souls, but the Roamin Church said that

the matter couldn't be discussed. They felt that if you used any kinds of control to stop babies from being born, that meant that you were preventing Souls from having the opportunity to get a berth in heaven, and the Roamin Church was against Berth Control. It really wasn't fair to the little unsuspecting Souls to prevent them from getting a Berth in Heaven by using all sorts of artificial controls, and so the Church condemned these controls.

In some places like a Province called Quebec it was an offence for Doctors to advise the use of them (though no one ever even thought it might be unfair to people who didn't read The Book and eat meat on Fridays and all that).

So, in many parts of the planet earth more and more Souls were born every day. Lots of people thought that this wasn't a good thing for the planet because in places there weren't enough foodstuffs to feed all the Souls, and presumably lots of them got Berths in Heaven long before it was expected. But the Roamin Church was really humane and kind and all that, because though lots of Souls died of starvation, still one had to think of all the little Souls that were given the opportunity to get a Berth in Heaven.

Except that about the year 2000 there were ever so many Souls on the earth which were starving, and there was lots of fuss being made all over about how the Roamin Church might

not be doing such a hot thing about Berth Control.

Then, suddenly, a new paragraph of the Book was found in an old well in Palestine which read: "And take ye care to not effect too great an increase in your flock for the Hosts of Heaven have only so many berths and not more, and should your flock grow too swollen with Souls there will be some good Followers who will lack Berths for their Eternal Lives. Hear ye My Word and use ye what ye will to stem the surge of Souls."

Overnight everything changed in the Roamin Church and it told all its people that Berth Control was terrific, and everyone forgot about the little Souls that didn't get the chance to have a Berth in Heaven.

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A teacher asked those pupils who wanted to go to heaven to raise their hands. All except little Ikey's hands went up. The teacher asked him if he didn't want to go to heaven and Ikey replied that he had heard his father tell his mother that 'business had all gone to hell' and Ikey wanted to go where the business had gone.

Success in life depends upon two things — luck and pluck . . . luck in finding somebody to pluck.

Women give themselves to God when the Devil wants nothing more to do with them.

—Sophie Arnould

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